



# Lincoln News



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VOL. II

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No. 1

## Official and Faculty News

The largest Freshman class in the history of our institution was enrolled September, 1926. Coming from the extremities of this broad country, they make quite an interesting conglomeration of Negro youth.

We now have a corps of part-time instructors to handle this sudden increase of new men.

James Baker, '26 is instructor of history and English.

W. P. Stevenson, '26 is instructor of Greek and Argumentation.

W. E. Farrison, '26 is instructor of Mathematics and English.

J. C. Sawyer, '27 is instructor of Introduction to Teaching.

Rev. Russell, of Oxford Presbyterian Church, is instructor of Philosophy.

Foster, '26 is instructor of Philosophy, Logic, and Latin.

In addition we have a new corps of able full-time instructors.

Dr. Kerlin, of West Chester Normal, is teaching Negro Literature and the technique of Poetry. We are indeed, fortunate in obtaining a man who is an authority on Negro Literature. He is also the author of "Negro Poets and their Poetry", which obtained a wide sale. Dr. Kerlin is interested in establishing a dramatic club to portray the essence of Negro art on the stage.

Mr. Boothby comes to us from Bates College, to teach English. Mr. Boothby is a "specialist" in dramatics and debating, and he looks forward to creating interest in the forensic art, in which his Alma Mater stands foremost.

Mr. Shubert is our new instructor in French and German. He comes to us from Muhlenburg College.

Professor Miller is pursuing his "masters" degree at the University of Pennsylvania.

Dean George Johnson is teaching at Princeton University two days a week.

Our new student instructors are:

J. O. Hopson, '27	..... Latin
R. Brown, '27	..... Mathematics
J. Haywood, '28	..... Greek
M. Kyler, '27	..... Biology
L. King, '27	..... Biology
E. Miller, '27	..... Physics
J. Scott, '27	..... Chemistry
T. Espey, '28	..... Chemistry
T. Weber, '28	..... Chemistry
L. Jones, '27	..... Chemistry (organic)

"Dr." Twine is now recognized as our "President Emeritus". He is a potentate of much influence among the "preps" and as pulpit founder of the many miniature churches. We all appreciate his counsel and personal interest in our welfare. As a hint to the new men, never approach him for a favor without "carpet-bagging" him. As superintendent of buildings and grounds he can wield "a wicked hammer".....if you let him.

## GARNETT LITERARY SOCIETY STARTS YEAR WITH A BANG

Exceedingly Large Number of New Men Present. Inspiring Speeches Stir Members

The Garnett Literary Society held its initial meeting of the year on the night of October eighth. This meeting was held in the Bible room of the Recitation Hall.

There were thirty-seven new men, with a large number of old men present.

After the opening of the meeting, the president, Mr. M. A. Dade, gave a very interesting brief history of the Garnett Society, outlining its purpose and aims. This was followed by speeches from Messrs. W. V. Fountaine, C. McFall and T. N. Williams, all of whom are new members.

Mr. J. C. Sawyer and Mr. V. E. Waxwood then gave some remarks of great interest to the new men, welcoming them to the Society.

The speaker of the evening, Mr. Wm. P. Stevenson, was then introduced by the president.

Mr. Stevenson gave an exceedingly interesting talk which aroused great enthusiasm in the new men as well as in the old, and caused all to feel the spirit of "Garnett". His speech was worthy of a Demosthenes.

After the roll call by the secretary, Mr. J. F. Dozier, the meeting adjourned.

The next meeting will be held on Friday night, October 15, at 8 o'clock, in the Chapel. In this meeting, Messrs. McFall and Holloway will lead in a discussion on "Resolved, That the Eighteenth Amendment Should Be Repealed."

All new men who are desirous of joining are welcome.

J. H. DeLOATCH

## MU CHAPTER-PHI BETA SIGMA FRATERNITY

We were glad to see the return of "Stump" Bailey, after a year's experience in New York, of M. M. Gibson from the sun-baked fields of Oklahoma, of Mills, a man of experience, love and otherwise. We welcome Brothers Perry from Morris Brown, Coleman from St. Paul, and Peterson from A. and T.

"Young" Dumb Huguly absents himself from the campus quite frequently. We account for his first and early week-end trip to the fact that he couldn't endure isolation from his harem.

There was much excitement and feminine ardor a few Sundays ago when Lanier and his cohorts invaded Cheney Normal School. Report has it that J. I. E. Scott is a casualty—he met something fine and beautiful at Cheney. We expect to see less of our chemical genius hereafter. "Red" Espy was deeply concerned about the storm that inflicted much damage in Florida. His anxiety was soon relieved when he learned that his nameless roadster was still safe in the barn.

## Y. M. C. A. Notes

Another scholastic year has rolled around, and with it the many varied activities that occupy the students' minds.

Among these campus activities the Y. M. C. A., as usual, is to the fore. Under the leadership of Mr. Clarence Richmond, the president elected to succeed Mr. Fred Johnson, the Y. M. C. A. members plan to make this year the banner year in the history of the organization.

The annual banquet given in honor of the Freshman class, was the initial event of the year. The banquet was a huge success from all standpoints. The program rendered by the Freshmen was a credit to the class. Both the musical and literary numbers were greatly appreciated. At the dining hall there was a still greater flow of oratory from the Professors and students. The night ended with the serving of refreshments.

The first regular meeting of the "Y" was very inspiring. Mr. Richard Hill delivered a report of the Kings Mountain Conference, while Mr. Hubbard related events of the Eaglesmere Conference. They were worth while talks.

The cabinet of the Y. M. C. A. has several plans and innovations to put on foot this year for the benefit of the student body. A real "Y" for Lincoln is their motto. This can only be done, however, with the full support of the student body. So if you haven't fallen in line, do so at once, and attend the "Y" activities.

JAMES O. HOPSON

## FRATERNITY NEWS

Omega Psi Phi Fraternity will hold its first annual Negro Achievement Week. November 15th to the 21st, inclusive. Beta Chapter will celebrate this week by having speakers at morning services in the Mary Dodd Brown Chapel and by having a Sunday afternoon program, the feature of which will be an address by some prominent member of the race speaking on Negro achievement in general.

The purpose of the achievement project is to inject race pride and self respect in the Negro by unfolding the facts of origin and the annals of his achievements; to stimulate, enrich and direct the innate powers for the creation of literature and art of Negro youth, and to acquaint students with the facts of Negro history and life.

## THE MOON CHURNS

The moon churns a  
Silver tear  
To fall on  
The rose,—waxed red  
By the  
Dying sun.

WILLIAM A. HILL

## NEWS CONCERNING TWENTY-SEVEN

"If you 'ain't' a member of '27  
You just 'ain't'....."

The Worthy Sons of Phi Delta Pi assembled in a class meeting on October the first for the first time this scholastic year. Everybody was in high spirits as especially evidenced by "species" and "jaga".

There were very few of our classmates who failed to answer to the roll-call of President Givins. Those who did not return for the last "go 'round" are "puddin' head" Brown, "Alphabet" Johnson, "President" Brown and Wilbur Strickland, track and basketball star.

However, we are glad to have with us, J. C. Sawyer of West Virginia, Instructor in Education. He possesses a fine personality, is very congenial, and has quite willingly entered into the spirit so characteristic of Phi Delta Pi.

Since Bill Johnson did so well in Practice Teaching, it is rumored, that he has been asked by members of the faculty to give an illustrated lecture on "Niagara to Louisville".

When St. Louis won its first game of the series, H. S. Casey celebrated the occasion by passing cigars out to all the fellows. However, every time he bet Walker, St. Louis let "Old Quasi" right down.

How is it that Lanier, in the presence of the Coach, walks as if a "cryp", yet, when with young ladies, overcomes his difficulties and walks wonderfully well?

We wish to know why Grasty put Asbury out of the room, and just why "Pops" Yancey refuses to room with "Tut" Ashton.

Gaskins came back saying that he was in the graft this summer, but it looks as though he meant the draft.

"Perstagnator" was in time for class yesterday, but after ten minutes discovered that he was in the wrong room.

Now that "Charlie" Bynum and "Rip" have chosen rooms next to each other, we expect to see the revival of old "Stumble Inn" days.

On the gridiron Capt. Grasty, all American tackle, is delighting the rabble with his gameness and fight. He is being ably assisted by "Rocking Chair" Walker, letter man, "Ike" Givins, "Highpockets" Myers, "Sheik" Hogan, "Heads" Asbury, "Slim" Jenkins, "Dick" Moore, W. H. Canier and "Jaga", all members of last year's football squad.

Twenty-Seven is whole heartedly behind Grasty and the team, and we look forward to a clean slate.

We believe "Rip" to have taken "Lank" King's "rep" when that 1824 model Dodge was pushed up through the arch after a strenuous eight day trip from New York.

"Rip" swears that if ever he gets that bus on New Jersey soil again, he'll go back and get his two dollars and ninety-eight cents.

We can not hold Sperling now, since he sneaked off on the gang and eased back with a "cat".

The "battle of radios" is when "LeRoy" and "Barney" tune in.

"Charlie" Bynum got a new room-mate, so that he could wear different suits for various occasions.

More from Twenty-Seven Anon.

ALDRAGE B. COOPER

The High Diving Chink, Fats Phillips, is out to plug up the hole on the Feet Ball Team left by Callaway. We must congratulate him.

Charley Gibson stammered his way to D. C. Sunday. Good enuff.

## SOPHOMORE CLASS NEWS

The Sophomore Class for this year numbers about forty-five members. The officers are as follows:

J. B. Redmond—President  
James Rathers—Vice-President  
B. T. Washington—Secretary  
William Ware—Treasurer  
Allison Pinkett—Student Councilman  
Montague White—Zeus  
A. Key—Mercury

After a summer of varied experiences we look forward to another happy and successful year on Lincoln's campus, and hope once more "to see the grass grow green".

## POME

Twenty went out in the world  
Because of the dogs.  
Because of the dogs  
Twenty went out in the world.  
But the dogs did bark  
Before and after  
The twenty went out in the world.

## FRESHMAN NOTES

The largest Freshman class in the history of the University, totalling 110 members, had its first meeting, and the following officers were elected:

President ..... Horace Dwiggins  
Vice-President ..... James Waters  
Secretary ..... Leon Hill  
Treasurer ..... Valdez

A special meeting was called by the President for the purpose of finding out the opinions of the members of the class regarding the keeping of the temporarily elected Student Council, Theodore Snowden. It was decided by a unanimous vote of the class that Mr. Snowden should be retained as Student Councilman. At this meeting a Freshman reporter for the Lincoln News was also elected.

On Rendall Field can be seen a large number of Freshmen who are determined to show just what kind of "guts" this class is made of. Ward, from Boston; Taylor, the dashing back from Everett; Dwiggins, another back of no mean merit, and others too numerous to mention, have expressed their intentions of making the first team regardless of any sacrifices it might take.

On Friday night, October 1st, the Freshman Recital was held, and the talent of that class was displayed before a large audience. Among the participants receiving hearty applause, were: DeKalb, James Waters, Randall Young, and Watkins. Each selection was well applauded and every member of the Freshman class was made to feel that he is a part—an active part of Lincoln University.

After the recital, the new men of the Institution, were given a reception in the refectory, by the Y. M. C. A. The Freshman class is very grateful to the Y. M. C. A. for that welcoming reception, and each member expressed with his facial expression—if not verbally—that he is highly in sympathy with all the movements the Y. M. C. A. might put forth.

BRYANT P. WILLIAMS

## THE BALTIMORE CLUB

The Baltimore Club of Lincoln University held its initial meeting of the year on October 1st. Nine new members, after having presented the proper credentials, were admitted to the club and its privileges.

On Friday, October 8th, a smoker was given to the new men. Interesting talks of encouragement were delivered by Messrs. Haywood, Kyler, Cummings, and Charles

Lee. The response to the welcome was made by Messrs. Nebbett and Thomas. Plans were under way to present during the Xmas holidays a social gathering that will establish a precedent for the club. The officers for the year are:

President ..... M. Kyler  
Vice President ..... W. Paul  
Secretary ..... Charles Lee  
Assistant Secretary .. James Murphy  
Treasurer ..... Leon Royce  
Publicity Agent ..... W. Gosnell  
Sargent-at-Arms ..... H. Dixon  
WILLIAM GOSNELL

## THE TIDEWATER CLUB

The Tidewater Club of Lincoln University held its first regular meeting, September 26, William Boffman acting as chairman. Both the old and new men responded. Officers for the year of 1926 were elected, President, William Boffman; Vice-President, McKinley Diggs; Secretary, Isaac Faulkner; Assistant-Secretary, John Deloach; Treasurer, Henry Myers; Sargent-at-Arms, Theodore Snowden; and Chaplin, Julian Dozier.

The new men were called upon to speak and during the course of their remarks, each pledged his loyal support to the club. The attitude of both the new and old men was indeed commendable, and this year, the club is planning bigger and better things.

All men from the Tidewater section are eligible for membership.

WILLIAM BOFFMAN

BETA KAPPA CHI SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY. ALPHA CHAPTER  
Lincoln University, Penna.

Beta Kappa Chi is a Greek letter, Scientific Society, organized at Lincoln University in 1922, for the promotion of Scientific interest in Colored Institutions. The members of this organization are striving to make it nationally known and recognized, and we hope in the near future to make it a second Phi Beta Kappa.

The official emblem of the organization is a key, shaped like a benzene ring, bearing the three Greek letters, B K X, and symbols representing six sciences.

This year we are trying to make known as easily as possible the requirements of the Society, so the men will have time and a fair chance to make the mark required by the organization.

The requirements are fifteen year hours in most of the natural sciences, e. g. Biology, Chemistry, Botany, Astronomy, Physics, Hygiene, and Mathematics, with an average of 1.8, or its equivalent.

Now, fellows, if you are interested in Science and aim to make the Organization, get down to work, not tomorrow, but now.

LA VERTÉ W. JONES,  
Sec'y. Beta Kappa Chi.

## Students, See Samples

for your needs in

TOOTH PASTE, BRUSHES, SHAVING  
CREAM, LOTIONS, RAZOR BLADES,  
TALCUM POWDERS  
HAIR PREPARATIONS, ETC.

Samples' NEXT DOOR TO GLOBE  
THEATRE  
OXFORD, PA.

## THE SPECTATORS SPEAK

## Famous Fables

- No. (1) We, the class of 1930.  
 No. (2) The dashing young Lincolnite who earned somewhere around \$1000 during the summer vacation.  
 No. (3) The conscientious Senior, who having resolved to study harder than he did during his "prep" year, finds that he is really surprising the "Profs" by doing 100% better.  
 No. (4) "Alphabet" Scott, the campus tailor, baggageman and pennant salesman, who swears that he has made as much as 32 cents a week—and some weeks as high as 40 cents.  
 No. (5) "Bill" Johnson, the Kentucky wonder, who rescued twelve damsels from the briny realms of Neptune.  
 No. (6) Theodore Valentine recently turned down a \$10,000 contract offered him by the Pittsburgh Courier, in order that he might return to his Alma Mater. This Lincoln Spirit is great.

## KOLLEGIATE KRACKS

(By I. Faulkner)

Dorsey: What are your views on kissing?  
 Fletcher: I have none. Her hair always gets in my eyes.

Slim Jenkins: I met a swell dame in Cheyney, last night.

C. F. Gibson: Zat so! Get her address?

Slim Jenkins: No, you nut. I don't get every girl a dress the first time I meet her.

Boffman: Hap, why do you call your girl "Babe"?

Hap: Well, ev'ry time I look in the parlor someone's rocking her in his arms.

Huguely: "Hots", do you take home economics?

Hots Wells: No, I take home girls.

She (apprehensively): Am I really the first girl you ever kissed?

Rip Day: Yes, and yours are the sweetest of all.

Bynum: Why do you call your flivver after your wife?

LaVerte: It cost a fortune, I can't get her off my hands, and the man that introduced me to her was five kinds of a liar.

Parker: Many of the old crowd back?

"Zeus": Yeah, and a couple of "preps" to boot.

Prof. Coles: Give me an example explaining theory of like attracting like.

Miller: Casey drank some wood alcohol and it went to his head.

Abie Cooper: I see you have built a garage for your flivver.

Gaskins: Yeah, I had to do it; I caught a couple of ants trying to drag it thru a crack in the curbing.

The Class had a big laugh the other day when J. Thomas was asked by Prof. Wright to find the Lowest Common Multiple; he looked under his seat.

"Ben" McCoy believes in preparedness. He brought his pet rabbit-foot along, in order to see the "grass grow green".

The members of the Freshman class are much enthused over the new song dedicated to the mathematics class, entitled, "Bye, Bye, Blackboard".

Panicky Bryant declares that he does not care how high they take him in an aeroplane as long as he has one foot on the ground.

Women are known by the company they are unable to keep.

The Freshman came down the railroad track,

The train was coming fast;  
 The train got off the track,  
 To let the Freshman pass.

## NOW I'LL TELL ONE

## A Fish Story

I had been fishing all day, without any success, in the warm, tropical waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Finally, patience was rewarded with a fine specimen of red-fish, about two feet long. So happy was I that I carried him home alive.

A special aquarium was built and I began to train my pet. Each day I would take him out of the water, increasing the length of time out, gradually. After many months, he was able to do entirely without water. Just think, the only living fish that made its abode outside of water.

One day, I placed his chain about his head and took him out for his daily walk. As we were crossing a bridge over a small shallow brook, he peered over the side, saw his image and was so elated that he fell over and was drowned.

## DUMBNESS

Prof: What is your name?

Howard (scratching his head): I don't know.

Prof.: Mr. Casey, why has Detroit so many more men than women?

Casey: Because it is a great mining city. (Mr. Casey is President of the 99% wrong club).

## THE SPECTATORS' DIARY

Sept. 10th to 20th—

Free board and lodge at Lincoln University. Among the prominent guests were "Lank" King and "Hots" Wells.

Sept. 21st—

Bull session—H. S. Casey and Bill Johnson tie for first place.

Sept. 22nd—

"Ma" Phillips buys a box of razors, but uses them all up on her corns and toenails.

Sept. 23rd—

"God" Kea arrives on the "Owl"—leaves on the 9:16.

Sept. 24th—

The Sewing Circle holds its initial meeting in 10 Lincoln Hill, abode of Henson and Penn. Hopson elected president after heated battle with Weber.

Sept. 25th—

Student Councilman Kyler gets seven new gray hairs.

Sept. 26th—

Bill Johnson is jubilant—he has just met a "prep".

Sept. 27th—

Rabble Meeting—"Prof" Dade sees Grasty run around left end for touchdown.

Sept. 28th—

A. B. Cooper receives his annual letter—an advertisement from a correspondence school in Chicago.

Sept. 29th—

"Sheik" Hogan makes a brilliant tackle—in dummy practice.

Sept. 30th—

Kimbrough shaves himself.

Oct. 1st—

F. F. Glenn steals corn from Dean's chickens; students have corn for supper.

Oct. 2nd—

Football game—Gil Dobie chews up seven cigars.

Oct. 3rd (Sunday)—

Charlie Bynum seen wearing one of Hibler's suits.

Oct. 4th—

The "Gods" return—hounds scramble for shelter.

The Spectators nominate for the Hall of Fame, the following:

H. S. Casey—We would say why, but we are his friends.

"Bill" Johnson—Because he is the only man who can throw water around corners.

"Rip" Day—For persevering and sticking to the "old boat" on a five day trip from New York.

"Dog" Valentine—For having the dreamiest eyes on the Campus.

"Jabez" Clarke—As the logical man to fill Valentino's shoes.

MESSIEURS X et Y.

One must be very cautious, have plenty of nerve, have a choking grip and then some more to drive the wonder buggy.

Charlie Bynum actually slung hash this summer.

Doggy, doggy, doggy, dears,  
 Please take this advice,  
 Stay away from the village,  
 And let this suffice.

Puppies, oh cute little puppies,  
 Do get on your stuff,  
 Ain't no time to be foolin' around,  
 'Cause at mid-years you can't make no bluff.

Nick can imitate even a mocking-bird.  
 If you don't believe this, ask Professor.

Lincolmites are fast wearing the Salvation Army's Slogan out. The Gimmies, the Lendmes and the Gottas are in full bloom as per usual.

It is rumored that Benedict Casey is about to join the Has Beens.

Much to our sorrow, Asbury has not replenished his teeth this year.

Rip Day struggled to Lincoln in his Struggless Buggy and here the poor boat remains until some kind junk man offers the owner the price of an El Producto for Leapin' Leena.

Texas, the next time you have your room papered, don't be so narrow minded with your border of roses. Get bouquets.

Ice Cream Charlie, alias Slim Jenkins, go and get yourself an ole maid. Maybe, she will be your kind.

What is going to happen? Nick took a bath on Sunday.

Roy Morris is taking his post-graduate course this year. From the time he has spent in college, no doubt he will get a Ph. D. in years.

We have with us for the last go around the one and only Blackbird. Bye, Bye, Sperling!



## POETS' CORNER

### LINCOLN MONUMENT (WASHINGTON)

Let's go see Old Abe  
Sitting in the marble and the moonlight;  
Sitting lonely in the marble and the moon-  
light.  
Quiet for ten thousand centuries, Old Abe,  
Quiet for a million million centuries.  
LANGSTON HUGHES

### STARS

O, sweep of stars over Harlem streets,  
O, little breath of oblivion that is night;  
A city building  
To a mother's song.  
A city building  
To a lullabye.  
Dark boy,  
Reach up your hand and take a star  
Out of the little breath of oblivion  
That is night,  
Take just one star.  
LANGSTON HUGHES

### WHAT I BELIEVE

I believe that the Stars, the Sun, and the  
Moon,  
The Earth, the Sea and Man  
Were created by an everlasting God,  
Who wields a great command.  
I believe in the Bible, thus you see,  
For Christians, I do plead,  
I believe in the prophets one and all,  
And to their teachings concede.  
I believe the commandments should be  
obeyed,  
The golden rule be kept;  
I believe that a man should do his best.  
And never these precepts forget.  
I believe in that saying of Lincoln's,  
Given many years ago,  
"That all men are created equal",  
The Great One made them so.  
I believe in the theories, the facts, the  
Laws,  
That have governed this land from the  
past;  
They must be good, is my belief, for they  
Have continued to last.  
I believe that one should move forward,  
"That old fashions should give place to  
new",  
That no man should wait for another,  
But let him keep up with you.  
I believe in each one of the sciences,  
For they bring vast knowledge of light;  
I believe that without them we'd flounder,  
Or we'd better give up the fight.  
I believe that a chance should be given us  
all,  
To strive for those things worth while;  
And not let those few carry off that "stew"  
And we get a pat and a smile.  
I believe in the "Survival of the Fittest",  
Thus no one can delay,  
For there are others waiting for you,  
To falter on the way.  
I'm not able to judge of the dreams of the  
rest,  
Nor can their beliefs, I receive,  
For I believe all things are for the best,  
These are the things I believe.  
FANNIN S. BELCHER

### DREAMS

Farewell, sweet maiden of my dreams,  
Farewell, Farewell,  
O, hard to me thy parting seems,  
Farewell, Farewell,  
Upon the sweetness of your smile  
My spirit's sadness seems to dwell,  
Farewell, Farewell.

Farewell, O maiden, pure and true,  
Farewell, Farewell,  
Farewell, O, charms that lured me so,  
Farewell, Farewell,  
O, may those charms so strangely sweet,  
Some other footsore wanderer cheer,  
Farewell, Farewell.

If such chaste joys are lost forever  
And I, my love, this hour must sever,  
Yet shall this memory ever be  
A fount of endless joy to me,  
Farewell, O Farewell  
Forever.

BERYL VAN ALYSTINE

### COLD LOVE

She said she loved me,  
I did not know love's meaning;  
She begged my heart, which a love thief  
Had stolen long ago,  
And her kiss-protruding vermilion mouth  
Was the touch of an icicle.  
Her's was the ecstasy of a kitten with a  
poor captivated mouse;  
Poor flapper! She did not know  
I was an extinct volcano  
With the warmth of love chilled to icy  
cold.

GEORGE C. MORSE

### Lines to a Photograph

Love is a magic wand, my dear,  
Love turns caged worlds of sorrow  
Into infinite expanse of bright tomorrow,  
Love toys with ambitions—star-dust turns  
Sometimes to blackest soot when desire  
burns;  
From a shrouded ethereal corpse, love  
made the lunar gleam,—  
Symbol of the youthful dream,—and poet's  
theme.  
Love made cool rivers a rendez-vous  
Where broken hearts and passion's residue  
Find the bliss of perpetual sleep.  
Love made the tears for you to weep,  
And heaven in your eyes for me to gaze;  
But inconstancy is why our dream decays,  
Love is a magic wand, my dear.

GEORGE CHESTER MORSE

### VISIT THE

## Lincoln University Lunch

For

Sandwiches Ice Cream  
Coffee  
and College Supplies



ALSO GAS AND OIL

### MY TWO OLD SHOES

I wonder what you're thinking of,  
My two old shoes?  
Sitting there in dust and cobwebs,  
With your eyes agazing nowhere;  
Are your thoughts so sad and dreary  
That they make you seem so weary,  
My two old shoes?

Come and tell me of your dreams,  
My two old shoes;  
Come and tell me of your thoughts,  
Changes that old time has wrought;  
I am old and lonely, too,  
I've been forsaken just as you,  
My two old shoes.

I, too, now just mourn and think,  
My two old shoes,  
Of happy friends that were so many,  
Now I haven't—haven't any;  
Of jolly times that long have past,  
Of golden days that did not last,  
My two old shoes.

Straighten out your wrinkled tongue,  
My two old shoes,  
Waken from your woeful slumbers,  
From griefs and pains of countless num-  
bers,—  
Though your heart strings seem near brok-  
en,  
Hold them fast till you have spoken,  
My two old shoes.

Was that a sigh, a gasp of sadness,  
My two old shoes?  
Was that a sign you've come to life,  
And hailed again this land of strife?  
Or is it just a moan you send,  
For all those things forgot by men,  
My two old shoes?

(Then my two old shoes began  
To speak of life and living men):  
"All of life is but a ladder  
That we climb up day by day,  
We must either keep ascending  
Or we falter on the way

As we falter more and more,  
We'll find the way is rough,  
And pretty soon we'll be descending—  
Having giv'n the battle up.

Now the one who keeps ascending  
Is our great successful man;  
And the one who's only midway  
Is the backbone of the land.

But the one who has descended,  
Had for success no lusty thirst;  
Is the Satan of the living,  
Is the glorious Nation's curse."

Thus my two old shoes have spoken  
And given me one golden token;  
You have made me wise and sadder,  
As I journey up life's ladder,  
My two old shoes.

FANNIN S. BELCHER

### THOUGHTS

At times I rise  
Upon the wings  
Of morning,  
And lose my sorrow  
In the rarer air above.  
But soon I weary,  
Mortal that I am,  
And glide to earth,  
Thus, shall I do  
Until my sorrow  
Ends.

BERYL VAN ALYSTINE

## TO INDIFFERENCE

As the axe severs the fibers  
Of the Oak,  
Just so does your indifference  
Sever our love.

Your glance,  
Like the north wind.  
Freezes the river  
Of affection in my heart—  
And kills the spring  
Of desire.

'Would that your smile was  
Sun,  
To thaw my heart  
That hope would prove  
Reality.

WILLIAM A. HILL

## DESIRE

I wish I were  
A drop of rain  
To fall and kiss  
A carmine rose,  
And as its downy  
Petals close—  
Sink to its heart.

But soon some  
Thoughtless passerby,  
The carmine rose  
Would gladly spy  
And pluck it from  
Its God-picked place—  
And it would die.

But if perchance  
The Sun should shine,  
I would be drawn  
Up from its bowers,  
And wait the dawn  
Of evening showers.

I wish I were a drop of rain—  
Just to forget a lover's pain;  
I'd nothing lose,—but something gain—  
A drop of rain.

WILLIAM A. HILL

## TOUCH-DOWN LINCOLN!

(Tune—Bye, Bye, Blackbird)

Team, Team, Team, the pride of all our  
dreams,

How we do love you.

Team, Team, Team, we are back of you,  
All the whole way through.

We are back of you with our cheers,

We are back of you with our tears.

Fight, Fight, Fight, Fight, with all your  
might,

For we must win this game, so—

Grab that ball, away you go,  
Down the field to the goal,

Touch Down Lincoln.

Make it fast with a pass,  
Across the line without a fine,

Touch Down Lincoln.

Hold up our dear old Alma Mater,

Hold up our colors of orange and blue, so.

Grab that ball, away you go,

Down the field to the goal,

Touch Down Lincoln.

EDWARD C. MILLER

## SUPPLICATION

O, when you see me  
Walk within the vale of sin,  
Its wreath of sorrow  
Crown my weary brow,  
Condemn me not,—  
Be merciful to me,  
For I have loved you truly,  
And I love you still.

BERYL VAN ALYSTINE

## RESEMBLANCES

The moon is beautiful tonight;  
The yellow moon  
Is beautiful tonight  
As the face  
Of the one I love.

Would I were a cloud  
That I might entwine  
Misty arms  
About thy golden body  
And kiss thee,  
Thou beautiful one.

EDWARD S. SILVERA

## DREAMS OF THEE

I think of thee at early morn,  
At evening's gentle close;  
It's then I think of days gone by,  
It's then on thee I muse.  
And when at mid-night's silent hour  
From cares and toil I'm free,  
When sleep has cast her magic power  
My thoughts are still on thee.  
EUGENE M. EDWARDS, JR., '29

## AFRAID

I am afraid  
When alone in the night;  
I am afraid  
Of the dark and ghost-like shadows  
Of night;

There was a time  
When  
Amid jungle darkness  
My heart rejoiced  
To sing a jungle tune,  
And the only light  
I ever knew  
Was the tree-shifted light  
Of a jungle moon.

And that awful silence  
Alone was broken  
By the cracking of brambles;  
(Oh, Lord! Life was sweet).  
That death-like silence  
Alone was broken  
By sharp pricking brambles  
Which did not prick my feet.

It was then  
That I knew no fear;  
But now I am afraid—  
I am afraid  
Of the dark and ghost-like shadows  
Of the night.

EDWARD SILVERA

## LIFE IN CHRIST

Life is a journey, which we must  
travel willingly or unwillingly. To the man  
who has something to accomplish it is but  
a short journey; and as King Hezekiah, he  
cries and prays that his years be lengthen-  
ed.

The course of his life is made up of  
three score and ten years; each is stamp-  
ed with golden opportunities. He has the  
least idea of the influence of his life, there-  
fore, he ought to make every occasion in  
the course of his life a great one, for he  
knows not how far the influence may reach.

Life is not mere length of time, but it is  
the daily web of character, which we con-  
sciously or unconsciously weave. Our  
thoughts, imaginations, purposes, motives,  
and will, are the under threads; our words,  
tones, looks, acts and habits are the upper  
threads; and the passing moment is the  
shuttle, ceaselessly weaving those threads  
into a web, and that web is Life.

Lincoln University is a potent machine  
constantly transforming the philosophy of  
religion into the heart of every young man  
within her walls into the evidence of a  
true religion. Her pure atmosphere, beau-  
tiful surroundings and beatific teachings,  
all inaudibly are saying, "Opportunity to  
all men". This she offers. Undoubtedly the  
aim of Lincoln University is to let every  
student have a firm grasp on the reality of  
life, thus fitting him for a life of unselfish  
service, and at the same time saying, "Be-  
hold the Lamb of God!" Whosoever findeth  
Him, findeth Life.

BENJAMIN H. WRIGHT (Seminary)

## "ASK YOURSELF—"

Why am I in Lincoln?  
Who pays my tuition?  
Am I getting my money's worth?  
What have I done since I've been here?  
What good am I to the University?  
What can I do besides exist?  
What am I going to be?  
Am I working toward that goal?  
Do I regret my time spent here at Lin-  
coln?

Could it have been put to better use else-  
where?

Am I honestly satisfied with myself?  
Am I ashamed to answer each of these  
truthfully?

It is either a blessing or a pity that we  
can't read each other's mind, but, it's a de-  
plorable fact that we won't read our own  
honestly. Some of us would be shocked if  
it were permitted us to peep into another's  
mind and see what's there; but most of us  
would really be ashamed if we honestly  
took stock of our own mind. An honest  
retrospection, in some cases, would, no  
doubt, make fools of the learned, hypo-  
crites of the reverend, misers of the  
wealthy, and poor we, who are neither  
learned, reverend, nor wealthy—where  
would we be placed?

You, who are fearful lest you find your-  
selves out, remember this:

When I pretend the acquaintance of  
great men—for effect;

When I boast of deeds never accomplished  
by myself—for glory;

When I modestly acknowledge an untrue  
estimate of my worth—for impression;

When I broadcast my unsought opinion  
in blatant accents to those far beyond my  
pale—for notoriety;

Tho I swell, in my estimation, to the size  
of the Persians,

And image my rightful place to be  
among kings,

I am not worth my space in the atmo-  
sphere—to others.

"NIQUE"

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## EDITORIAL

We look back with pride at the success of last year's activity in the way of publishing a periodical that was doomed to sudden death by its critics and even by its well-wishers, or rather those who posed as its well-wishers. We believe that a brief revelation of the facts with regard to the birth of the Lincoln News would in itself be somewhat of an appeal for the perpetuation of this medium of student expression.

The desirability of founding a student paper at Lincoln was first voiced by Mr. J. L. Clarke to Mr. J. I. E. Scott during the summer of 1925. The latter discussed the matter with Messrs. J. O. Hopson and R. E. Turner while on the train en route to Lincoln. Later, the matter was presented to the student-body and a committee was appointed to investigate the matter and present plans for the publication. This it did favorably. Then the student-body elected a staff composed chiefly of those who had served on the committee. By this time, the season was far spent; a dime in the hands of a student was a miracle. Yet those men, who had won their fellow-students' confidence, without financial aid from anyone, did publish, here in this secluded section where Ads. are very hard to get, a paper worthy of its name, and without financial assistance did continue throughout the year.

It is evident that our paper cannot long endure unless it is placed upon a firmer foundation. Our customers, those who have been advertising in the Lincoln News in the past, feel that they are not being proportionally repaid for the space they buy, due to the limited circulation of the paper among a few thousand customers far and near. So one by one they refuse to respond when we call. The number of advertisers in the community is small. Soon we shall have knocked in vain at all of their doors. The subscriptions do not half support the paper. We receive no contributions. In this circumstance we are faced with two alternatives. The Lincoln News must either die or live. To die would be to cast disgrace upon the students of Lincoln, upon us, O fellow-students, who are hailed as a selected group, the cream of our race. To live would be to glorify, elevate, magnify, perpetuate the ideals of our institution. What, then, shall we do?

The members of the staff have meditated at length upon the desirability of making the publication permanent. Only two plans of procedure seem practical. One is to have a regular fee charged each student of the

institution and to have said fee collected at the University office in connection with the Y. M. C. A. fee, medical fee, etc. In this way we would be sure of a financial basis for the paper. The other method is to establish a printing press upon the campus. This press could not only do the printing for the Lincoln News, but could print all bills, programmes, advertisements, etc., for the various organizations on the campus, including the annual University catalogue and the Herald. Such a press would make it possible for each graduating class to publish an annual, or whatever it wanted for a memento.

There are both supporters and opponents of both of these plans. Some oppose an additional fee, claiming that our bills at the office are large enough. They hold that hereby we should soon fill the coffers of some nearby printer with our eked out earnings. "No fee, but a press", they cry.

On the other hand, the opponents of the press plan make certain strong contentions. They feel that we could not buy a press that would do the type of printing that we would desire, that we could secure no one to operate the press, that if students were used in the process of printing it would soon tend to mould Lincoln into a mechanical or industrial institution.

Come now, let us choose a plan. It seems as if the best arguments are advanced in favor of a press. It seems as if the arguments against this plan are ill-founded. There are men here who know printing already, and who would gladly operate the press. Such men are continually joining our ranks, trained in other institutions. It takes more than a printing press to make a mechanical institution, more than a cooking stove to make a restaurant, more than one drop of water to make the surging sea.

On the evening of the twenty-sixth of June, the assembled members of the New York Summer Service Group were addressed at the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church House by Mr. Galen Russel, leader of the group. Each member was assigned to a settlement house or similar institution in which the nature of the course would be definitely enriched by the practical experience afforded.

During the seven weeks of the course we were frequently addressed by national authorities on subjects directly concerning the present social order, such as, the problem of race relationships, the labor situation from the capitalistic and socialistic standpoint, the degeneration of civil liberties in the states, the increasing crime rates, militarism and education, the problem of vocational guidance, and the exploitation of the nation's dependencies. In addition to these addresses we went on field trips to the New York Stock Exchange, The Federal Reserve Bank, Blackwell's Island, Ellis Island, Passaic, N. J. (the scene of the textile strike), we made an all night trip thru the food supply section of New York, entirely thru Harlem, to the Sing Sing prison in Ossining, N. Y., and several other trips directly bearing upon the aforementioned problems. I shall give as briefly as possible a resume of the more important lectures and trips.

Just a few days before our visit to the textile mills strike, we were addressed by Forrest Bailey of the American Civil Liberties Union. The exact conditions now existing with regard to the much bragged of "right of free speech" in America were revealed, and when I think of the hundreds of prisoners in our state penitentiaries, imprisoned because of political opinion, and the cases of recent strikes where men are jailed for simple expression of belief,

I am convinced that the supposed democratic observance of free speech in the states is being exploited. The American Civil Liberties Union is doing a noble work for the perpetuation of this one of several institutions upon which these states were built.

A few days prior to an address by Mr. Norman Thomas, Socialist leader of New York, who fails to be the fire belching propagandist often heralded by the press, we visited Passaic, and obtained a very complete idea of the laborer's view of the strike. Mr. Albert Weisbord, leader of the strike, addressed us on the cause and definite aim of the struggle. After leaving Passaic I think it safe to say that the group was involuntarily committed to the cause of labor, but that was but the beginning of the situation. The following week, Mr. Rheinhold of the Forstman Hoffman Mills, presented the capitalist view, and after he had finished I doubt that one could truthfully side with either faction. This was really absorbingly interesting to the entire group.

The problem of Militarism and Education (which directly concerned this group of college students) was directly studied after being introduced by Mr. John Seyer. Approximately 281 colleges have the R. O. T. C.—turning out 5,000 officers annually. In 205 colleges the training is compulsory, affecting 60,607 students. It operates in the High Schools, of fifty-five cities, is controlled and financed by the war department, and \$600,000,000 per year or \$1,500.00 per day is being spent on war equipment. One would imagine that the figures of 9,000,000 widows and 5,000,000 orphans of the last war would in themselves cry out against the spreading of this national and international cancer.

The total failure of crime justice in this country was pointed out by Mr. Booth. During the course of his lecture he stated that 300,000 children, fifteen years of age and less, live in poverty while their able bodied fathers remain in jail, prevented from producing any means to care for their families. In cases where they made \$5.50 per day as mechanics, they make \$0.50 in prison.

The group trips to the New York Stock Exchange and The Federal Reserve Bank gave us an impression of the colossal nature of American Capitalism, and our visit to Ellis Island recalled to our minds the echoed statement of the late Israel Zangwill, "America, the melting pot of the world."

I have given a brief account of our trips and our lectures, which were probably climaxed by frank pronouncements on the question of race relationships by Mr. George Collins and Mr. Channing Tobias.

Following a final reception, the New York Summer Service Group of 1926 was adjourned by Mr. William H. Tinker.

Respectfully submitted,

R. HURST HILL,

New York Summer Service Group, '26

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First downs—Lincoln 10; Cavalry 2.  
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Myers..... L. T. .... Baldwin  
Wells..... L. G. .... Harper  
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